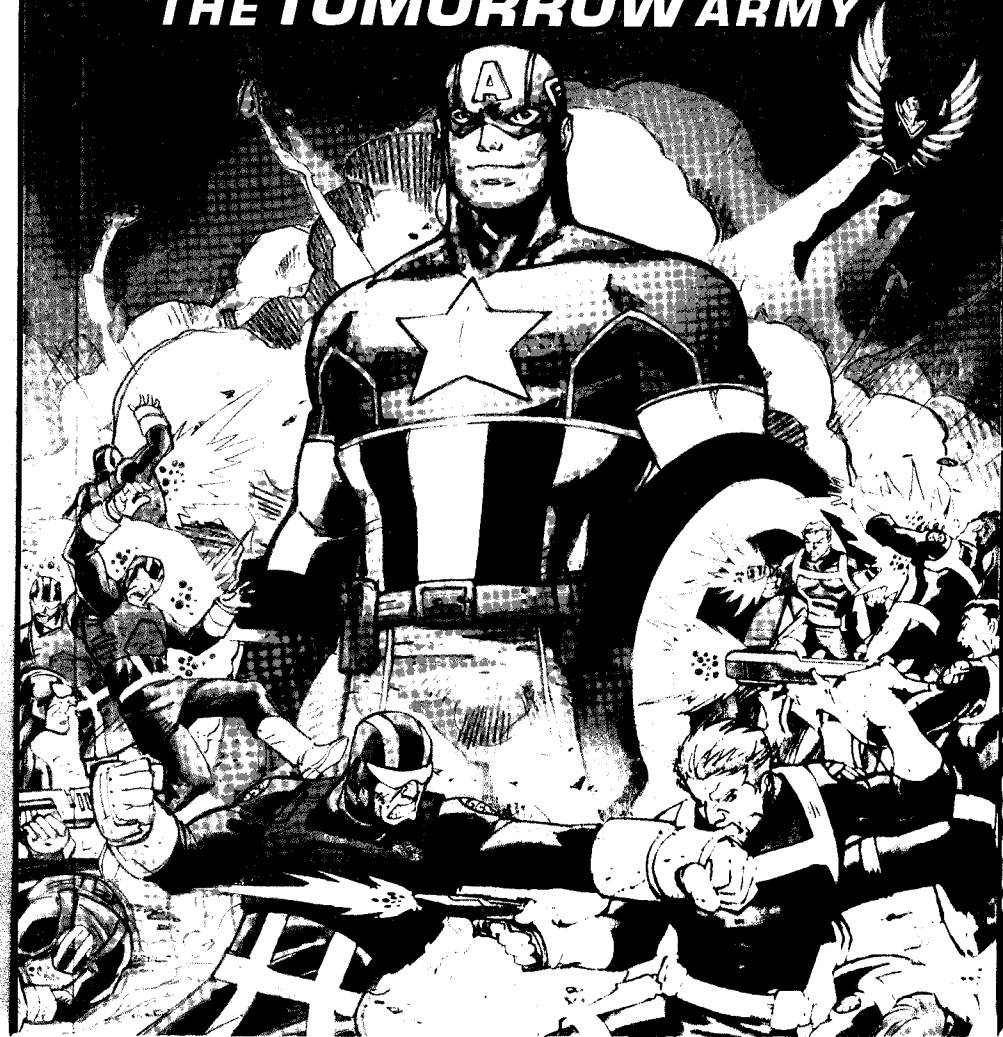


A MIGHTY **MARVEL** CHAPTER BOOK

CAPTAIN AMERICA

THE TOMORROW ARMY



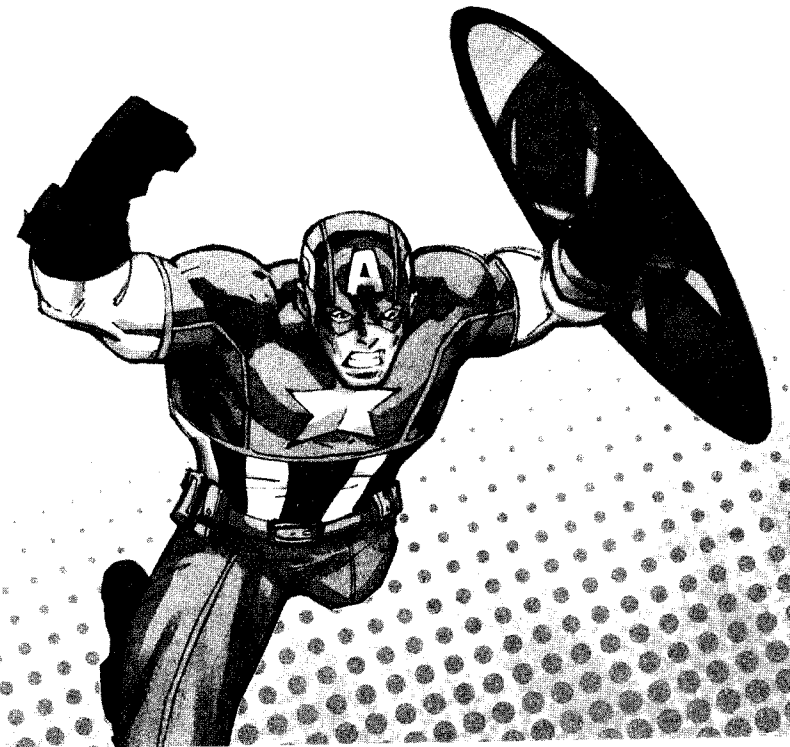
THE STORY OF CAPTAIN AMERICA

All Steve Rogers ever wanted was to join the army. But he was frail and weak and unable to enlist. Then Steve was chosen to take part in a top secret experiment called **Project: Rebirth**. He was given the Super-Soldier Serum and was bathed in pulsating Vita-Rays.

When the experiment was over, Steve had been transformed from a small and thin weakling into a big, tall and strong Super-Soldier.

Steve was given a special uniform and an unbreakable red, white and blue shield made from a rare metal called Vibranium. He promised to fight for freedom and equality for all as

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

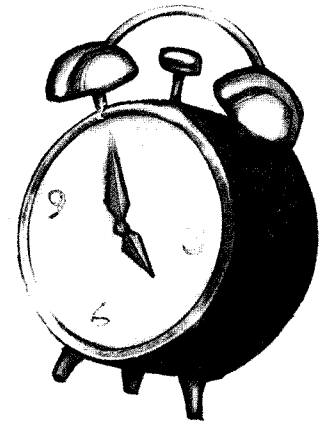


After one particularly tough battle with the evil villain called Red Skull, Cap's plane crashed into the icy waters of the Arctic. The plane – with Cap still inside – was frozen for many decades, until it was discovered by S.H.I.E.L.D., the world's best super spies. They soon revived Captain America from his icy slumber.

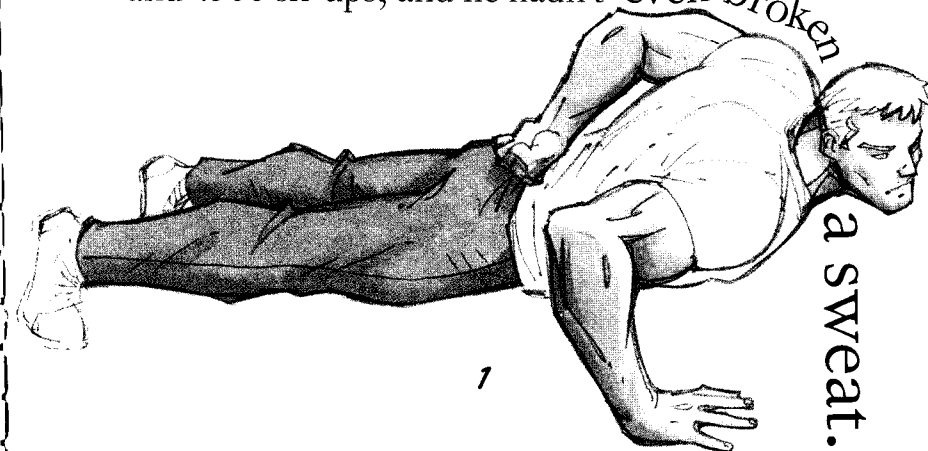
Steve joined S.H.I.E.L.D.'s team of Super Heroes, known as the Avengers. Now, fighting alongside Iron Man, Hulk, Black Widow, Hawkeye and Falcon, Captain America once again defends liberty and justice from evildoers everywhere!

CHAPTER

1



Steve Rogers woke up at 4.55am, minutes before his alarm clock rang. He jumped out of bed, stretched, and began his morning routine. By 5.15 Steve had already done 3250 push-ups and 4500 sit-ups, and he hadn't even *broken*



Next it was time for his morning jog — a quick 16-kilometre run around the streets of

Steve left his apartment, breathed in the warm June air and began his jog. Good runners could finish a kilometre in five minutes. Steve could do it in under two.

Steve made his way downtown and to 42nd Street, then cut over to Broadway. As he ran, Steve looked up at the giant billboards and bright lights of Times Square. Steve definitely preferred the old Big Apple.

Steve ended his run downtown in front of a newsstand and was instantly greeted with a **"HIYA, CAP"** from the guy working on the stand, whom everyone called Old Joe.



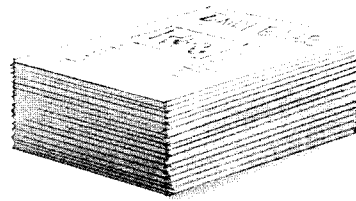
"JUST STEVE, PLEASE,"

Steve said.

"The usual?" Old Joe called out. Steve nodded and the man handed him the **DAILY BUGLE**. Steve couldn't believe a newspaper cost a dollar. He remembered when they were just five cents!

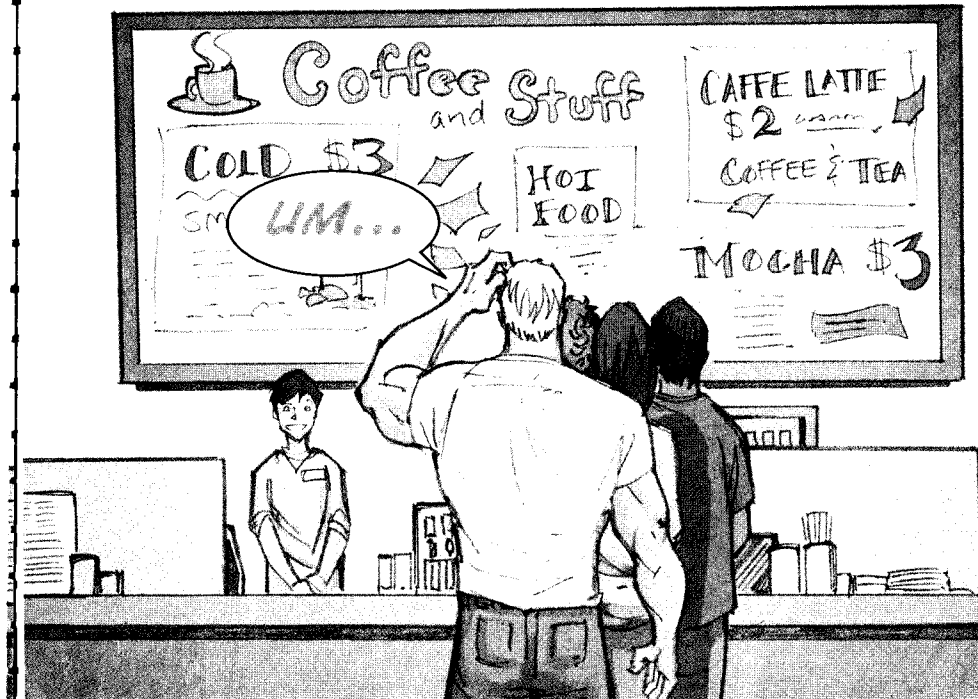
"Glad you're still buying the paper," Old Joe began. "You're my best customer. Most people today get their news from phones or computers. You even pay with actual money. It's like the 1940s all over again," he said with a smile.

Steve smiled back, took the paper and walked across the street to get a cup of coffee. Usually, he'd go to the local **DINER**.



But after hearing Old Joe talk about the '40s and how different things were today, Steve thought he would try something new, so he made his way to the trendy coffee shop down the street.

The shop was buzzing with people. They barely stopped moving long enough to order their drinks, all of which sounded weird to Steve. He stared at the chalkboard menu.



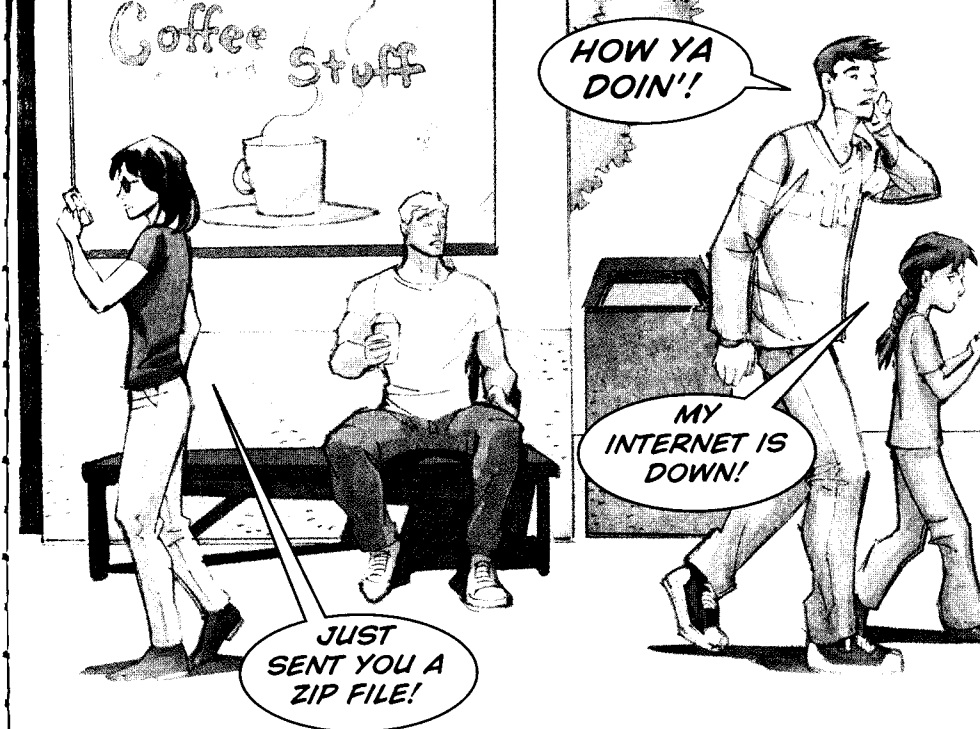
When it was his turn, Steve asked for “just a cup of joe,” and the kid behind the counter stared back at him blankly.

“You want what?” the server asked, confused.

“A CUP OF JOE, BLACK!” Steve replied, but there was still no response. “You do sell coffee here, right?” Steve asked. The kid was amazed that someone wanted just a regular black coffee with nothing else in it. Steve paid for his overpriced drink, then took his paper and sat on a bench outside.

So much for trying something different, he thought.

Steve looked around and sighed. People were walking with their heads down, busy with other things,

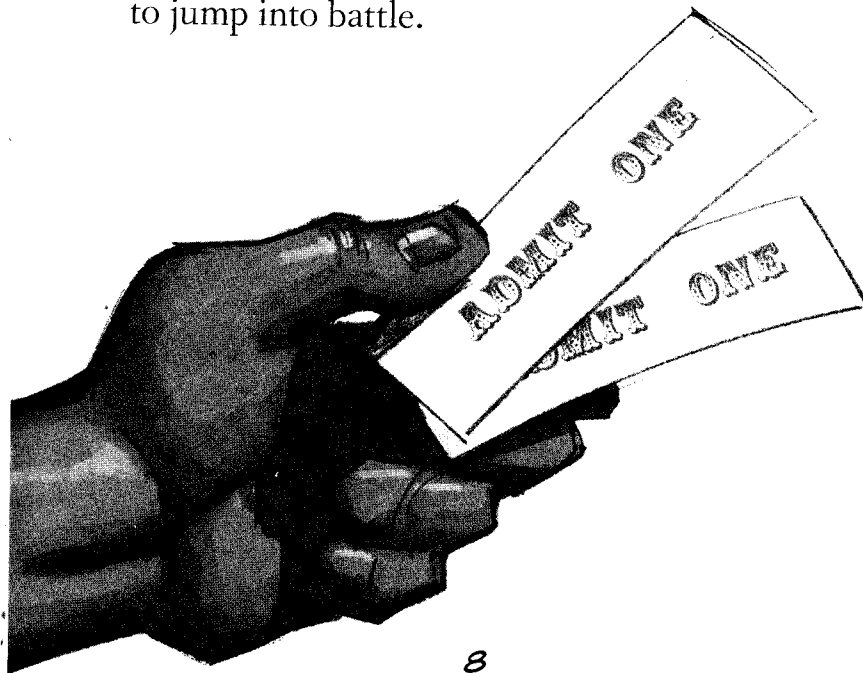


oblivious to the world around them. Everyone was connected to technology, but not to one another. In Steve's day, people talked to each other. They read and conversed rather than losing themselves in their own virtual worlds.



But before he could continue thinking about how different things were, a strong voice called out to him. "**CAPTAIN, WE HAVE A SITUATION . . .**" the voice began. Steve looked up to see his Avengers teammate Sam Wilson, code name **FALCON**, standing before him. Steve instantly rose to his feet.

"What's the mission?" Steve asked, ready to jump into battle.



IT'S A MATTER OF
**EXTREME
URGENCY!**

Sam began. "I've got an extra ticket to today's baseball game and no one to go with me. What do you say? Want to take in America's favourite pastime?" he asked.

Steve smiled. It wasn't an actual mission, but a baseball game with Sam would be fun.

"Count me in," Steve said. "Besides, I haven't been to a ball game since Joltin' Joe played."

"JOLTIN' WHO?" Sam asked as they walked back uptown.

"Never mind," Steve said with a sigh. Little did he know that day would be the start of the most dangerous mission of Cap's career.

CHAPTER 2



Captain America and Falcon stood before Nick Fury, the director of the super-spy group known as S.H.I.E.L.D. Cap – in his **RED, WHITE** and **BLUE** uniform – was a very impressive figure. Next to him was Falcon, wearing a high-tech flight suit that, when activated, allowed him to **FLY** with holographic wings. Both heroes stood to attention on board S.H.I.E.L.D.'s massive

Helicarrier – art aircraft carrier, part helicopter and all state of the art. The ability of this futuristic vessel to fly unseen above Manhattan still impressed Steve.

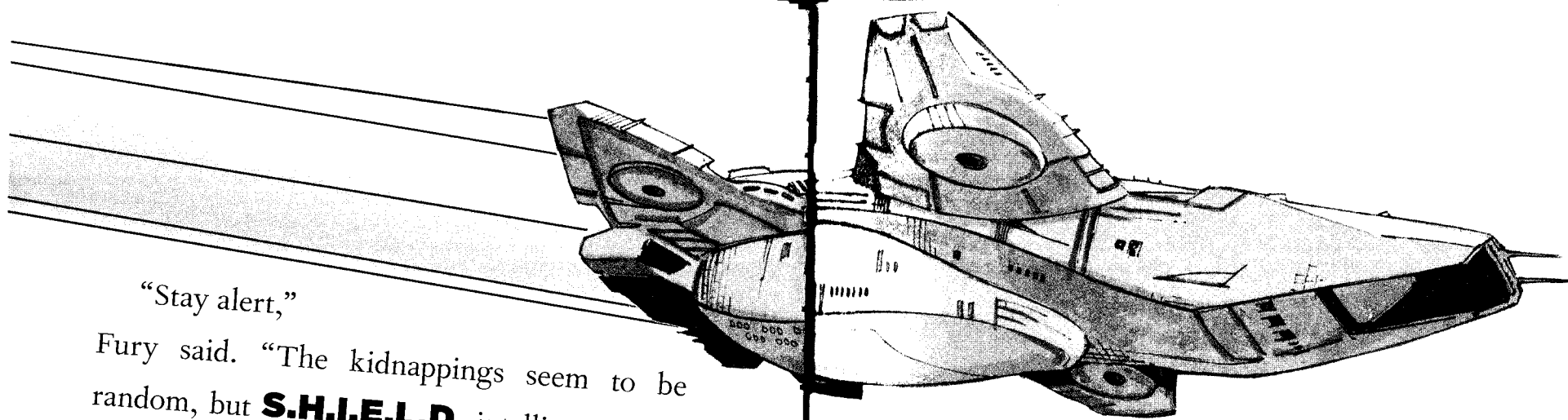
“Gentlemen,” the eye-patch-wearing Fury began as he called up a digital HUD. “Within the last three weeks, reports of missing persons around the area have more than tripled.

Men and women, all between the ages of eighteen and thirty, all seemingly in perfect health and in top physical condition.”

“Think they’re all connected?” Cap asked.

LOCAL LAW
ENFORCEMENT
DOESN'T, BUT
I DO.





“Stay alert,”

Fury said. “The kidnappings seem to be random, but **S.H.I.E.L.D.** intelligence tells me that there’s something bigger going on. I have several agents hard at work trying to figure out who is behind this, and why.”

“What’s our involvement?”

Falcon asked.

“Right now, observe and report only. I want you up to speed for when we need to act,” Fury said.

As Cap and Falcon walked out of Fury’s office, the First Avenger felt disappointed.

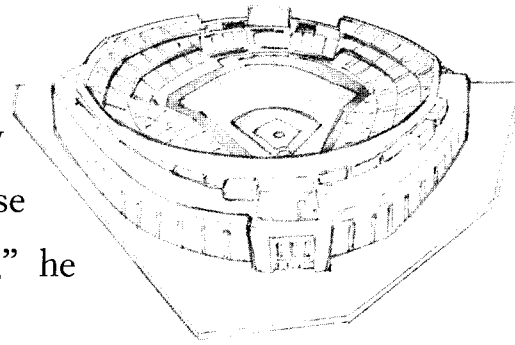
He was looking forward to some action, not sitting on the sidelines. But before he could harp

on the issue too long, Falcon gave him a nudge.

“Come on, Cap,” Falcon said. “We’re going to be late for the game. The Helicarrier is going up the East Coast and will be over the Bronx in two minutes – just enough time for us to change into less conspicuous clothing.”

Steve Rogers walked around Yankee Stadium in shock. There was music blasting, a huge TV, dozens of smaller TVs, various fancy restaurants and food stands and even clothing shops.

"This certainly isn't the House that Ruth Built," he said to Sam.



"You're living in another time, man. Welcome to the twenty-first century, where everything is at your fingertips!" Sam said.

As they sat, Steve wondered why a music video kept playing on the enormous screen. "Oh, that's one of the outfielders," Sam said. "He has the number-three song in the country."

"Babe Ruth and Joe DiMaggio never sang," Steve said under his breath. "Isn't anyone interested in the game anymore?"

But before Sam could respond, their

S.H.I.E.L.D. alarm beacons started to **BLINK**. It was Fury. There was a team of college kids on the way to the game, but their bus had gone missing. S.H.I.E.L.D. intercepted the garbled emergency call, and Sam and Steve were being called in to respond.



They ran out of the stadium and stood before Steve's **vintage 1942 Harley-Davidson motorcycle.** "You can't be serious," Sam said, referring to the battered and bruised cycle. "You could walk faster than that thing goes." But Steve was already opening a large duffel bag to reveal his Captain America uniform and Vibranium shield.

"She hasn't failed me yet," Cap said with a smile. "Now suit up and hop on."

"No way. I can fly. I'll carry you," Sam responded as his holographic hard-light wings began to form.

"Not a chance," Steve said as he lowered his mask into position. He jumped on his bike and started it with a loud roar. **Now THIS was Cap's favourite pastime!**

